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# Jerusalem Delivered.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF TASSO.

BEING THE SPECIMEN OF

AN INTENDED NEW TRANSLATION

IN ENGLISH SPENSERIAN VERSE;

WITH A PREFATORY DISSERTATION

ON EXISTING TRANSLATIONS.

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BY J. H. WIFFEN,

*Author of "AONIAN HOURS," "JULIA ALPINULA," &c.*

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"There are certain ages in the history of the world, on which the heart dwells with strong interest and affection; but there are none which excite our curiosity, our admiration, and our love, more intensely than the days of chivalry."—CAMPELL.

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TO HER GRACE  
THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD,  
THIS SPECIMEN  
OF AN INTENDED NEW TRANSLATION OF  
TASSO

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## INTRODUCTION.



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## INTRODUCTION.

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IN appearing before the tribunal of the Public in the ‘questionable shape’ of a Translator of one of the four grand master spirits of epic song, from whose urn our own beautiful Spenser and divine Milton have not scrupled to steal, like Prometheus, the starry fire which was to animate their creations,—the sweetness, elegance, and tenderness of whose writings have engrossed universal admiration, and given scope to the descanting talents of numbers in this and other nations,—and whose Muse it has been the attempt of some great names to transport from sunny Tuscany to these chiller and more ungenial shores, I feel that a somewhat extended apology may be due, and indeed necessary, to exculpate me from the presumption of having dared to attempt a task so onerous, and which would seem to imply, in previous trans-

lators either a comparative failure, or but a partial success.

The difficulty, we would almost say the impossibility of making an adequate translation of any one long and varied poem into a language different from the original in its idiom, structure, and genius, so as faithfully to embody the expression, the imagery, the vigour, and the animation of the Poet in its transcript, at the same time that it succeeds in preserving the current of passion, and awakens in the mind of the reader the same varied affections,—will ever be felt most strongly by minds the most gifted for the task. They will most clearly perceive the difference that subsists between the genius of the two languages, and the modes of thought, the mental associations, the habits, and the manners of the two nations ; they will see the necessity, without enjoying the hope, of transferring them with the same distinctive character and lively effect. Almost equally hopeless is the chance of an individual being found, who though entering into the allusion, genius, and individual turn of mind of the original author, has yet the tact—fine, perceptive, and spiritual, to apprehend his beauties, and the skill—industrious, curious, and connective, to communicate them with the charm of originality in his own writings to others. Not every



Juvenal in the walk of literature has the rare advantage of being personated by a Gifford. Our two most celebrated translators, transcendent as their merits are, cannot be allowed to have executed their task with *all* that discrimination and felicity which the despotic laws of criticism require. We vainly look in the Iliad and Odyssey of Pope for the singular simplicity and individuality of character which characterize the divine old Greek, recompensed as the *general* reader may be with the beauty of his versification and the elaborate refinement of his style; whilst the energy, the ease, and the vivacity distinguishable in the Eneis of Dryden, but blended momentarily with ruder touches and harsher colours of painting, do not all correspond with the uniform magnificence and melody of sound, the delicate and scrupulous choice of words and figures, and the pathetic vein of sentiment and expression in the work of the happy Mantuan. Such being the nicety, the skill, the genius requisite for the execution of a successful translation, it will not be surprising if it should be found that Tasso, though inferior to Homer in simplicity and fire, as to Virgil in tenderness, has not yet received from English readers all the laurels due to his fine perspicuous taste, his splendid and romantic imagination, the fer-

tility of his invention, the richness of his ornamented style, the exquisite sweetness of his delicious numbers : it will not be surprising if he should yet remain so, till another age develope in some fortunate individual the qualities that may not be granted in this, and Tasso, after the poetical transmigration of a thousand years, rise to life in England with all the native glory of his first appearance. Meanwhile, till that fortunate acquisition to our literature, it may be forgiven an enthusiastic admirer, that he endeavours to improve upon those transcripts of his poetry which are naturalized and existent amongst us. Not that there are not in these golden days of poetry, two, or more spirits, capable of executing, if they were willing to execute, a perfect translation of the *Jerusalem Delivered*, capable, from their congeniality of taste, their living perception of all that is beautiful and exalting, the charm and the inspiration that is in their own enchanting poetry, of even mating the workmanship of the magnificent Italian ; but they, and the world in general, may hold them well excused from a task so unoriginal, in the splendid conquests they are daily achieving to enrich the age, by the light and power of their own un-borrowed talismans. It must ever be regretted that Gray did not accomplish the translation of this great

poem which he contemplated, and indeed began. From his felicity of language, the delicacy and even fastidiousness of his taste, and the power with which, like Sappho in her famous Ode, ‘ φαίνεται μοι κείνος ἴσος θεοῖσιν,’ he *paints* his images, it may be safely declared that it would have been one of our richest treasures. As it is, all that exists for the regards of posterity is a fragment of the fourteenth book, that like some solitary marble column, beautified with immortal ivy, speaks eloquently to the imagination, attesting what the finished structure would have been in magnificence and grace.

The many names which may be instanced of writers that have essayed a version of the *Jerusalem Delivered*, since the elder ones of Carew and Fairfax, are sufficient to show that a new translation has generally been thought necessary, an opinion indeed which has been expressed by many modern writers; amongst whom may be mentioned the ingenious author of the *Curiosities of Literature*, the recent translator of Tasso’s *Amynta*, Stewart Rose in his *Travels in Italy*, and, yet more recently, since the publication of the Rev. J. H. Hunt’s translation, the author of an able article in the *Retrospective Review* for the current month on Carew’s “*Godfrey of Bulloigne*.” But little, I fancy, is known of

the whole or fragmentary versions of Hooke or Brooke, Layng, Doyne, or of Miss Susan Watts. Hoole and Fairfax alone have prescriptively divided the public estimation. Of Mr. Hoole's version, popular as it is, (or has been,) and commanding a circulation to which that of the livelier one of Fairfax is very insignificant, I cannot but entertain, after all the attention I have devoted to it, a very indifferent opinion. The reason of his popularity, says a living critic, and I agree in the sentiment—"The sole reason is, not that Mr. Hoole translated the work, but that his original was Tasso. It is the name of Tasso solely, that has carried him on from generation to generation, like a corpse attached to the immortal spirit of the Italian, and making it dull with the burden."

Regarded solely as a poetical composition, it will be found fraught with all that commonplace of expression which characterizes a mind conversant indeed with the mechanism of verse, but not with its beauty-breathing nature, and regarding its structure more as a manufacture than a creation. In his pages there are no "thoughts that breathe," no "words that burn," but rather a pulseless inanity, and an apathy that chills. His was not the apprehensive eye which catches, as with the lightning's vivacity, the happiest

attitude of things, the ear which seizes upon the finer impulses of sound and the play of modulated harmonies,—or the sensitive heart that echoes naturally back the impressions it receives from what is beautiful and sublime in nature—pathetic and exalted in feeling. He had only the general faculties which comprehend objects and situations as they are palpable to the grosser sense of the undistinguishing many. Epithet, which as it deals with the essences and qualities of things, most reveals the grand distinction which subsists between poetry and verse, between the poet and the versifier, the gift and the acquisition, may very suitably be adopted as a criterion of the merits of his composition. It will require but a slight poetical sagacity to perceive his poverty in this respect. His pages will be found full of vague, indiscriminating phrases, which have been pressed from time immemorial into the service of rhyme—terms void of the character that should mark the *species* and the *individual*, descriptive only of the *order* and the *man*. Of this kind are his “gloomy shades—shady groves—hateful discord—warlike hero—streaming blood—fell fury—insensate hate—direful discord,” and a multitude of others; in consequence of which, the impression he makes is feeble and dim; and alike ignorant

of that secret, and destitute of that spring of picturesque description, he ever fails of electrifying the fancy, and of striking on the sensibility of his readers. His versification, modelled, or rather combined, solely from the writers who constructed their verse after the balanced periods of Pope, it is not asserting too much to say, is as methodical and monotonous as can well be conceived of the imitator of a host of imitators: he had but two situations for his cesura, and he rings his changes upon the combinations and alterations of these as well as he may through twenty books. In this nakedness of variation, the pretensions to which in his Preface he lays claim, are singularly unfortunate. "I do not," he says, "flatter myself that I have excelled Fairfax, *except in my measure and versification.*" Without pausing to question how far his abandonment of the *ottava rima* may be an improvement on the measure of Fairfax \*, we may cite the authority of

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\* Metastasio, speaking of the innumerable Italian poems written in this measure, says, "It is the effect of the sweetness of its seducing chant which prevents satiety and deceives the weariness of readers by its periodical regular repose, which are neither so frequent as to glut by their uniformity, nor so distant as to occasion a loss of the sense of the linked sweetness, nor so unaccommodating as to constrain the writer to interrupt the connected series of his thoughts." Drayton's admiration of it is expressed more fancifully—"This sort of stanza," saith he, "hath in it majesty, perfection, and solidity, resembling the

Dryden to prove that it must be no common hand that could excel his versification. In the Preface to his Fables, he observes of Fairfax, "that he was a great master in our language, and saw much farther into the beauties of our numbers than those who immediately followed him. Many besides myself have heard our famous Waller own, that he derived the harmony of his numbers from the "*Godfrey of Bulloigne*." Decisive as the judgment pronounced by this venerable patriarch of our versification must be, I cannot resist adding the opinion of Collins, so often quoted in favour of the great excellence of Fairfax,—of Collins—than whom none could have a finer sense of what was beautiful in diction, and melodious in versification;—he says of that which Mr. Hoole flatters himself to have surpassed:

Hence his warm lay with softest sweetness flows ;  
 Melting it flows, pure, murmuring, strong, and clear,  
 And fills the impassion'd heart, and wins the harmonious ear.

*Ode on the Highland Superstitions.*

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pillar which in architecture is called the Tuscan, whose shaft is of six diameters, and base of two."—*Preface to the Barons' Wars*. That this, however, is no empty flourish of words all have seen in a composition of the first poet of the age,—all at least who have ventured to explore its fatal pages for those exquisitely beautiful passages with which it abounds.



The greatest admirer of Mr. Hoole's numbers will not venture to say the same of them.

But what are his merits as a translator? He has melted down Tasso into a compact mass.—Yet in doing this, he has been guilty of great and unpardonable omissions, to an extent of which they alone can conceive who should compare him book by book with his original. Dryden, whose power of concentration, and energy of thought, rendered him more capable perhaps than any other poet of circumscribing an author within the smallest compass that could be considered consistent with his fidelity as a translator, and grace as a writer, has in his *Eneis* exceeded the lines of Virgil in the first nine books by 2,500 lines: in the like number of books, Hoole has *fallen short* of Tasso by upwards of 500: his deficiency would perhaps be yet more apparent, if the total number of books were compared, but in the absence of his second volume, the present exposition will doubtless be thought sufficiently conclusive. But, great as these omissions are, it is a yet farther aggravation, that they so often occur where Tasso has the most beautiful figures and picturesque images; as may be instanced throughout the latter part of the fourth book, where our poet paints the loveliness and the arts of Armida with the



most flushing colours of description, in strains of the most insinuating music, in expressions full of life, freshness, and fire. But in Hoole the gorgeousness of this show vanishes, and the reader finds himself in the situation of a hero of Arabian romance, who, long wandering amid palaces, gardens, and refreshing fountains, suddenly finds the charm which flattered his senses reversed, and sees around him little less than a bare and a soundless desert. Whatever may be the stir of incident or emotion in the original, the translator's imagination seems never to kindle with the subject, but pursues the same dull and unquickened march. One or two instances of this, taken at random, but which might be produced to an almost infinite series, I here give.

In the fourth book, after Godfrey has refused succours to the entreating Armida, Eustace exclaims with all the enthusiasm and gallantry of a young Paladin :

“ Oh, by yon bright sun tell it not in France !  
Publish it not where courtesy is dear !  
That of our nobles none would break a lance  
In Beauty's quarrel, let not Europe hear !  
Henceforth, my lords, sword, corslet, helm, and spear,  
I toss aside, and bid farewell to fame ;  
No generous steed shall bear me in career  
With swordless chiefs where chivalry weds shame,  
I will no longer bear the knight's degraded name !”

The cavalier's spirited denunciation thus evaporates in Mr. Hoole :

Forbid it, Heaven, that ever France should hear,  
 Or any land where courteous acts are dear,  
 That dangers or fatigues our souls dismay'd,  
 When piety and justice claim'd our aid !  
 No longer *let me* then this helmet wear,  
 No longer wield the sword or corslet bear,  
 No more in steed or glittering arms delight,  
 No more usurp the honour'd name of knight !

The following *picture* of Dudon's funeral occurs in the third book :

But when the sun look'd forth on Jordan's flood,  
 The funeral pageant he lamenting led ;  
 An odoriferous ark of cypress wood,  
 Near a green hill, became Lord Dudon's bed :  
 The hill commands the camp, and overhead  
 Shakes its dark verdurous locks one stately palm ;  
 Last, white-robed priests their requiem o'er the dead,  
 Slow-moving, hymn'd ; and many a solemn psalm  
 Stole o'er the sun-bright hills, till Sorrow's self grew calm

Mr. Hoole thus gives the passage :

Up with the sun he rose, and *left his bed*,  
 To attend the *funeral* rites of Dudon *dead* ;  
 Near to the camp, beneath a hillock, stood  
 The stately tomb, *composed* of cypress wood.  
 Above, a palm-tree spread its verdant shade ;  
 To this the mourning troop the corse convey'd ;  
 With these, the holy priests, (a reverend train)  
 A requiem chanted to the warrior *slain* :

in which we may observe the laudable anxiety of the translator to impress us with the fact, deservedly claiming our strictest notice, that the hero whom Argantes had some few stanzas before deprived of life, and whose funeral they were then conducting, was, *bonâ fide*, 'dead;' and lest a suspicion to the contrary should yet remain, the priests chant requiems to the warrior 'slain:' with the eye of an undertaker moreover he looks, and behold, the tomb is *composed* of cypress-wood.

I should not have thought it worth while to indulge in these strictures upon Mr. Hoole's version, but that the public endurance of it, and the patronage of a personal friend extended towards it by Dr. Johnson, give it an importance alien to its absolute deserts. The farther exposition of his faults is left to the generous hostility of the Rev. J. H. Hunt, who has drawn to the light of observation many of his unsunned defects, and whose courtesy resembles that of the Black Prince to the king he had conquered; for assuredly he has far excelled Hoole in fidelity and vigour. As the former made this transcendence his aim and point of honour, I, as an individual, grant him all the merit of such a victory. I do not deem it decorous to criticise the version of this amiable coadjutor in the same

cause, nor am I desirous to regard him as a rival, who if he had only looked abroad among the grand masters of song, and exhibited the parallel passages and imitations of thought subsisting between them and his author, would have deserved well of men of letters : but to higher praise the bravery of his attempt entitles him.—I would neither wish to interrupt, nor to be interrupted by him ; the circus is sufficiently ample for both, without either of us acting the invidious part of Antilochus in the chariot-race of Homer.

I come lastly to Fairfax, and I approach him with reverence. There was something very noble in his attempt to naturalize this glorious poem in England, at a time, not certainly “ when our verse was in its rudiments\*,” but before it had arisen in full purity and order from its primeval chaos, in the aurora of that morning which gave so rosy a promise of the splendour which has pursued it. “ If,” says the critic already alluded to, who by the way is himself a poet of great capabilities, “ if he roughened the music of Tasso a little, he still kept it music, and beautiful music ;—some of his stanzas indeed give the sweetness of the original with the still softer sweetness of an echo ; and he blew

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\* Hoole’s Preface.

into the rest some noble organ-like notes which perhaps the original is too deficient in. He can be also quite as stately and solemn in feeling;—he is as fervid in his devotion, as earnest and full of ghastly apprehension in his supernatural agency, as wrapt up in leafiness in his sylvan haunts, as luxuriant and alive to tangible shapes in his voluptuousness. He feels the elements and varieties of his nature like a true poet, and his translation has consequently this special mark of all true poetry, translated or original,—that when the circumstances in the story or description alter, it gives us a proper and pervading sense of the alteration.” This, and more than this, is the just praise of Fairfax. The following extracts exhibit a few of the beautiful tunes and proud organ-notes spoken of above,—all of which I hold to be perfectly unsurpassable.

And in this legend, all that glorious deed  
Read, whilst you arm you ; arm you, whilst you read.—

*Book 1. Stanza v.*

The descent of an angel.

On Libanon at first his foot he set,  
And shook his wings with rory May-dews wet.—*Stanza xiv.*

And drew him near a silver stream, that play'd  
Among wild herbs, under the greenwood shade.—*Stanza xlv.*

Go, shake thy spear, and draw thy flaming blade,  
And try if hunger so be weaker made.—*Book 2, Stanza lxxiv.*

He look'd like huge Typhœus loos'd from hell,  
 Again to shake Heaven's everlasting frame :  
 Or him that built the tower on Shinaär,  
 WHICH THREATENETH BATTLE 'GAINST THE MORNING STAR!—  
*Stanza xci.*

About her shoulders shone her golden locks,  
 Like sunny beams on alabaster rocks.—*Book 3, Stanza xxi.*

When the fair morn first blusheth from her cell,  
 And breatheth balm from opened Paradise.—*Book 4, Stanza lxxv.*

The close of the bird's song. Book 16, Stanza xvi.

He ceas'd, and as approving all he spoke,  
 The quire of birds their heavenly tunes renew ;  
 The turtles sighed, and sighs with kisses broke,  
 The fowls to shades unseen, by pairs withdrew ;  
 It seemed the laurel chaste, and stubborn oak,  
 And all the gentle trees on earth that grew ;  
 It seemed the land, the sea, and heaven above,  
 All breath'd out fancy sweet, and sighed out love.

But with all his frequent graces of expression, and his charm of versification, there are, I think, few leaves undisfigured, not merely with blemishes, but with faults of much greater magnitude. Many of these are undoubtedly to be attributed to the age in which he lived, many to his mismanagement of the stanza to which he bound himself, but more than either to bad taste, and a fancy spending itself in perpetual conceits, the grand fault of the writers of the Elizabethan age,—the love of which frequently betrays him into the

most ridiculous absurdities; and as he seems never so happy as when he can conclude his stanza with them, the fine figures with which he often commences render them doubly unfortunate. Throughout his whole version, in fact, there is by far too little *keeping*; the whole performance is very unequal, and from his neglect of the manners and costume of the time in which the incidents celebrated in the Poem take place, and from his frequent introduction of Scripture allusions, his Warriors often act, speak, and look, more like the leaders of the Parliamentary army during the civil wars of England, than as chivalrous Crusaders from all parts of Europe during the Middle Ages. His crampness, his obscurity, his license of inversion, and use of quaint words, accentuation, and orthography, tortured to suit his rhyme, have been commented on by others: but yet when the difficulties of translation are considered in combination with the comparative youth of the language, it is less surprising that he should have fallen into these errors, than that he has given us so much noble poetry.

I am not however writing either a critique, or an apology for Fairfax, but a justification of myself for having made bold to compete with him in the sacred field of Tasso. I am therefore at liberty, without, I

trust, incurring the charge of invidiousness, to instance some of those passages to which my strictures apply, and which have encouraged the hope that in the enthusiasm which a lover of poetry may be expected to feel for a subject that has kindled his fancy, with purer models of native good writing in view than any that subsisted at the time in which he wrote, and by diligent study—a more perfect version might be produced, or that, if I fail, I might fail by *his* side, and in the words of Tasso

“ Che dira il mondo (e ciò fia sommo onore,) ”

“ Questi già con Gernando in gara venne ! ”

Passing over a variety of individual couplets, the following specimens from his first five books will exhibit, if I do not mistake, not only the absurdities and conceits already commented on, but often a total abandonment of the sense of the original in pursuit of his favourite ideas, and multiplication of trope and figure. The Italian is subjoined, together with the corresponding passages in my version.

#### Book 1, Stanza lviii.

But these and all Rinaldo far exceeds,  
 Star of this sphere, the diamond of this ring,  
 The nest, where courage with sweet mercy breeds ;  
 A comet, worthy each eye's wondering ;



His years are fewer than his noble deeds,  
 His fruit is ripe soon as his blossoms spring,  
 Armed, a Mars might coyest Venus move,  
 And if disarm'd, then God himself of Love.

In which Rinaldo successively becomes a star—a diamond—a nest—a comet—and a fruit-tree.

Ma il fanciullo Rinaldo è sovra questi,  
 E sovra quanti in mostra eran condutti,  
 Dolcemente feroce alzar vedresti  
 La regal fronte, e in lui mirar sol tutti.  
 L'età precorse, e la speranza ; e presti  
 Pareano i fior, quando n' uscìro i frutti ;  
 Se 'l miri fulminar nell' arme avvolto,  
 Marte lo stimi ; Amor, si scopre il volto.

But these and all the chiefs Rinaldo far,  
 Oh, far outshines ! regality is thrown  
 Upon his forehead like a sparkling star,  
 And all their merits meet in him alone ;  
 His years are full of hope, and early blown,  
 Like fruitage within blossoms just reveal'd ;  
 So sweetly fierce, that when his face is shown  
 You deem him Love, but Battle when the shield  
 He grasps, array'd in arms, and lightens o'er the field.

New Version.

In the following description, Fairfax does not attempt to give the meaning of one word of the beautiful original :

Book 2, Stanza xiv.

Among them dwelt, her parents' joy and pleasure,  
 A maid whose fruit was ripe, not over-year'd ;

Her beauty was her not-esteemed treasure,  
 The field of love with plough of virtue ear'd.  
 Her labour goodness, godliness her leisure,  
 Her house the heaven by this full moon aye clear'd ;  
 For there, from lovers' eyes withdrawn, alone,  
 With virgin beams this spotless Cynthia shone.

\*            \*            \*

*And forth she went, a shop for merchandise,  
 Full of rich stuff, but none for sale exposed.*

Vergine era fra lor di già matura  
 Verginità, d' alti pensieri, e regj ;  
 D' alta beltà, ma sua beltà non cura,  
 O tanto sol quant' onestà sen fregi.  
 E il suo pregio maggior, che tra le mura  
 D' angusta casa asconde i suoi gran pregj :  
 E da' vaggheggiatori ella s' invola,  
 Alle lodi, agli sguardi, inculta e sola.

\*            \*            \*

*La vergine tra 'l volgo uscì soletta,  
 Non coprì sue bellezze, e non l' espose.*

Of lofty thoughts and principles sublime,  
 Amongst them in the city was a maid,  
 The flower of virgins, in her ripest prime ;  
 Strikingly beautiful ! but that she made  
 Never her care, or beauty only weigh'd  
 In worth with virtue, and her worth acquired  
 A deeper charm from blooming in the shade ;  
 Lovers she shunn'd, nor loved to be admired,  
 But from their praises turn'd, and lived a life retired.

\*            \*            \*

*Alone she goes, untended, through the pale  
 Mute crowd, nor hides her beauty, nor discloses.*

This spotless lamb thus offered up her blood  
 To save the rest of Christ's selected fold ;  
 Oh noble lie ! was ever truth so good ?  
 Blest be the lips that such a leasing told :  
 Thoughtful awhile remain'd the tyrant wood,  
 His native wrath he 'gan a space withhold,  
 And said, " that thou discover soon I will,  
 " What aid ? what counsel hadst thou in that ill ?" *Stanza xxii.*

Così al publico fato il capo altero  
 Offerse, e 'l volse in sì sola raccorre.  
 Magnanima menzogna ! or quando è il vero  
 Sì bello, che si passa a te preporre ?  
 Riman sospeso, e non sì tosto il fero  
 Tiranno all' ira, come suol, trascorre.  
 Poi la richiede : Io vuo' che tu mi scopra  
 Chi diè consiglio, e chi fu insieme all' opra.

Thus she prepares a public death to meet,  
 A people's ransom at a tyrant's shrine ;  
 Oh glorious falsehood ! beautiful deceit !  
 Truth's own pure lustre is eclipsed in thine.  
 Doubting rejoin'd the angry Aladine,  
 In accents foreign to his wonted pride,  
 " To know the prompter of thy bold design'  
 " I now require ; who counsell'd ? who thy guide ?"  
 Thus he in short : the maid with dignity replied : *N. V.*

Elsewhere Clorinda is called *an inn* !

A savage tigress on her helmet lies,  
 The famous badge Clorinda used to bear ;  
 That wons in every warlike stour to win,  
 By which bright sign well known was that fair inn.

*Stanza xxxviii.*

The following stanzas exhibit the puritanical spirit and forced conceit which I have charged upon him ; for which he sacrifices alike the signification and pathos of the original :

The king, as wicked thoughts are most suspicious,  
 Supposed too fast this tree of virtue grew ;  
 Oh blessed Lord ! why should this Pharaoh vicious  
 Thus tyrannize upon thy Hebrews true ?  
 Who to perform his will, vile and malicious,  
 Exiled these, and all the faithful crew,  
 All that were strong of body, stout of mind,  
 But kept their wives and children pledge behind.

A hard division ; when the harmless sheep  
 Must leave their lambs to hungry wolves in charge,  
 But labour's virtue's watching, ease her sleep,  
 Trouble best wind that drives salvation's barge.      *St. liv, lv.*

## LIV.

Ma il sospettoso Re stimò periglio  
 Tanta virtù congiunta aver vicina ;  
 Onde, com' egli volle, ambo in esiglio  
 Oltra i termini andar di Palestina.  
 Ei pur seguendo il suo crudel consiglio,  
 Bandisce altri fideli, altri confina.  
 Oh come lascian mesti i pargoletti  
 Figlj, e gli antichi padri, e i dolci letti!

## LV.

Dura division ! scaccia sol quelli  
 Di forte corpo, e di svegliato ingegno ;  
 Ma il mansueto sesso, ed gli anni imbelli,  
 Seco ritien, siccome ostaggj in pegno.

To guilty hearts reliance is a stranger,  
 And too much virtue a consuming care ;  
 The jealous king, suspicious still of danger,  
 Reprieved indeed, but doom'd them both to wear  
 Their life in exile ; with the faithful pair  
 He drove forth others ; sighing they resign'd  
 Their homes, their altars, but in strong despair  
 Wept o'er the sires and infants left behind ;  
 Oh, wrench of clasping ties, by Nature's self entwined !

But those alone his jealousy exiled  
 Of vigorous manhood and sagacious wit ;  
 The sex by nature soft, unwarlike, mild,  
 For daring deeds and fearful aims unfit,  
 As pledges he retains.

N. V.

Tasso's fine painting of character is thus sacrificed :

One was Alethes, born in lowly shed,  
 Of parents base, a rose sprung from a brier  
 That now his branches over Egypt spread,  
 No plant in Pharaoh's garden prosper'd higher.  
 With pleasing tales his lord's vain ears he fed,  
*A flatterer, a pickthank, and a liar ;*  
*Cursed be estate got with so many a crime !*

*Yet this is oft the stair by which men climb.*

Stanza lviii.

Alete è l' un che da principio indegno  
 Tra le brutture della plebe è sorto ;  
 Ma l' innalzaro ai primi onor del regno  
 Parlar facondo e lusinghiero e scorto,  
 Pieghevoli costumi, e vario ingegno,  
 Al finger pronto, all' ingannare accorto :  
 Gran fabbro di calunnie, adorne in modi  
 Novi, che son accuse, e pajon lodi.

One was Alethes, offspring of a race  
 That in plebeian degradation ran ;  
 He rose to all the peerages of place,  
 By soothing, lulling, flattering the Divan ;  
 A supple, crafty, various-witted man,  
 Wary to feign, and watchful to beguile,  
 He had a Satan's malice to trepan ;  
 Artist of slanders, trick'd with such a smile,  
 That they whom most he sapp'd, believed it praise the while.

N. V.

Perhaps thy fortune doth control the wind,  
 Doth loose or bind their blasts in secret cave ;  
 The sea, pardie, cruel and deaf by kind,  
 Will hear thy call, and still her raging wave :  
 But if our armed galleys be assign'd  
 To aid those ships which Turks and Persians have,  
 Say then, what hope is left thy slender fleet ?

*Dare flocks of crows a flight of eagles meet ?*      Stanza lxxvi.

\*            \*            \*

Nor could your ships restore your lost estate ;  
*For steed once stolen, we shut the door too late.*      Stanza lxxvii.

Commanda forse tua fortuna ai venti,  
 E gli avvince a sua voglia, e gli dislega ?  
 Il mar ch' ai preghi è sordo, ed ai lamenti,  
 Te solo udendo, al tuo voler si piega ?  
 O non potranno pur le nostre genti,  
 E le Perse e le Turche, unite in lega,  
 Così potente armata in un raccorre,  
 Ch' a questi legni tuoi si possa opporre ?

Perhaps thy genius rules the winds, to be  
 Stormy or calm, as it may suit thy will ;  
 Though proof to prayers, shrieks, wailings, the deaf sea  
 Like a lull'd child may hear thy voice, and still  
 Its raging waves ; but have we then no skill,

Nor our allies, to hew the mountain pine—  
 Man the vast navy, to the breezes shrill  
 Spread out the sails, and rushing through the brine,  
 Boldly oppose these strong leviathans of thine? N. V.

This said, he took his mantle's foremost part  
 And 'gan the same together fold and wrap;  
 Then spake again, with fell and spiteful heart,  
*(So lions roar enclosed in train and trap,)*  
 Thou proud despiser of inconstant Mart,  
 I bring thee war and peace closed in this lap;  
 Take quickly one, thou hast no time to muse;  
 If peace, we rest; we fight, if war thou choose.  
Stanza lxxxix.

Indi il suo manto per lo lembo prese,  
 Curvollo, e fenne un seno, e 'l seno sporto  
 Così pur anco a ragionar riprese,  
 Via più che prima dispettoso e torto;  
 O sprezzator delle più dubbie imprese,  
 E guerra, e pace in questo sen t' apporto:  
 Tua sia l' elezione; or ti consiglia  
 senz' altro indugio, e qual più vuoi, ti piglia.

He took his mantle by the skirt, and turn'd,  
 Round and around in a convolving fold;  
 Holding it forth on high, his passion burn'd  
 In language scornful, profligate, and bold.  
 Ho, thou contemner of strong Fate! behold  
 Within this wreathing lie both war and peace;  
 Choose—but bethink thee ere the choice be told—  
 War, peace, or war? assent is left for these,  
 What more thou would'st demand thine own right hand must seize.  
N. V.

His semblant fierce and speeches proud provoke  
 The soldiers all, war! war! at once to cry ;  
 Nor could they tarry till their chieftain spoke ;  
 But, for the knight was more enflamed hereby,  
 His lap he opened, and spread forth his cloak :  
 “ To mortal wars,” he says, “ I you defy ;”  
 And this he uttered with full rage and hate,  
 And seemed of *Janus church t’ undo the gate.* *Stanza xc.*

L’ atto fiero, e ’l parlar tutti commosse  
 A chiamar guerra in un concorde grido ;  
 Non attendendo che risposto fosse  
 Dal magnanimo lor Duce Goffredo.  
 Spiegò quel crudo il seno, e ’l manto scosse,  
 Ed a guerra mortal, disse, vi sfido,  
 E ’l disse in atto sì feroce ed empio  
 Che parve aprir di Giano il chiuso tempio.

At his fierce gesture and denouncing voice,  
 Inflamed from all their seats the peers upsprung ;  
 They waited not to hear their general’s choice—  
 “ WAR! WAR!” they shout with simultaneous tongue.  
 He—far abroad his cruel mantle flung,  
 And shook it in their teeth ; “ then evermore—  
 “ Take mortal War!” So wild his accents rung,  
 He seem’d to burst the adamantine door  
 Which awful Janus keeps : Mars listen’d to the roar. N. V.

Yet immediately after these stanzas, which the warmest eulogists of Fairfax cannot possibly think worthy of Tasso, follows the splendid image already quoted, which surpasses all admiration : so near do his extremes of style meet.



It seemed fury, discord, madness fell  
 Flew from his lap, when he unfolds the same ;  
 His glaring eyes with anger's venom swell,  
 And like the brand of foul Alecto flame ;  
 He look'd like huge Typhœus loos'd from hell,  
 Again to shake Heaven's everlasting frame ;  
 Or him that built the tower on Shinaär,  
 Which threateneth battle 'gainst the Morning Star.

*Stanza xci.*

Parve ch' aprendo il seno, indi traesse  
 Il furor pazzo, e la discordia fera ;  
 E che negli occhi orribili gli ardesse  
 La gran face d' Aletto e di Megera.  
 Quel grande già, che incontra il cielo eresse  
 L' alta mole d' error, forse tal era ;  
 E in cotal atto il rimirò Babelle  
 Alzar la fronte, e minacciar le stelle.

It seem'd that from the shaking of the fold,  
 Gigantic Discord and mad Fury flew ;  
 That in his horrible eyes they might behold  
 Megara and Alecto rise to view.  
 So Nimrod stood when he the nations drew  
 To Shinaär's plain the' Almighty to defy ;  
 When at his voice rebellious Babel grew  
 Upward from earth to heaven ; with such an eye  
 He watch'd it touch the stars, and threat the golden sky.

N. V.

The same superlative merit must be conceded to the following exquisite verse :

Now spread the night her spangled canopy,  
 And summon'd every restless eye to sleep ;  
 On beds of tender grass the beasts down lie,  
 The fishes slumber'd in the silent deep ;

Unheard was serpent's hiss, and dragon's cry,  
 Birds left to sing, and Philomene to weep,  
 Only that noise heaven's rolling circles kest,  
 Sung lullaby, to bring the world to rest. *Stanza xcvi.*

Era la notte allor ch' allo riposo  
 Han l' onde e i' venti, e pareo muto il mondo,  
 Gli animai lassi, e quei che 'l mare ondoso,  
 O de' liquidi laghi alberga il fondo,  
 E chi si giace in tana, o in mandra ascoso,  
 E in pinti augelli nell' oblio giocondo  
 Sotto il silenzio de' secreti orrori  
 Sopian gli affanni, e raddolciano i cori.

It is the Night :—a holy quiet broods  
 O'er the mute world,—winds, waters, are at peace ;  
 The beasts lie couch'd amid the voiceless woods,  
 The fishes slumber in the sounds and seas ;  
 No brilliant bird sings farewell from the trees,  
 Hush'd is the mermaid's song, the panther's roar ;  
 Beneath her wings, a glad oblivion frees  
 The heart from pain, its daily sorrows o'er,  
 Soon to awake refreshed, with sweetness at the core. *N. V.*

The following are instances of undignified terminations, &c., degenerating from the beauty of the beginning.

### Book 3, Stanza i.

The purple morning left her crimson bed,  
 And donn'd her robes of pure vermilion hue ;  
 Her amber locks she crown'd with roses red,  
 In Eden's flowery gardens gather'd new ;  
 When through the camp a murmur shrill was spread ;  
 " Arm, arm," they cried : " arm, arm," the trumpets blew ;  
 Their merry noise prevents the joyful blast,  
*So hum small bees, before their swarms they cast.*

Gia l' aura messagiera erasi desta  
 A nunciar che se ne vien l' aurora  
 Ella intanto s' adorna, e l' aurea testa  
 Di rose, colte in Paradiso, infiora ;  
 Quando il campo ch' all' arme omai s' appresta,  
 In voce mormorava alta e sonora,  
 E prevenia le trombe : e questi poi  
 Dier più lieti e canori i segni suoi.

The odorous air, morn's messenger, had spread  
 Its wings to herald, in vermilion skies,  
 Aurora dancing forth, her sunny head  
 Adorn'd with roses pluck'd in Paradise.  
 When in full panoply the hosts arise,  
 And loud and spreading murmurs upward flew  
 Before the trumpet sang ; its melodies  
 They miss'd not long—the merry trumpets blew ;  
 Their shrill sonorous calls the murmurs more renew.      N. V.

Dudon pursued the victory he gain'd,  
 And on Tigranes nobly broke his spear,  
 Then with his sword headless to ground him cast,  
*So gardeners branches lop that spring too fast.      Stanza xliii.*

Segue Dudon nella vittoria ardente  
 I fuggitivi, e 'l fer Tigrane opprime  
 Con l' urto del cavallo ; e con la spada  
 Fa che scemo del capo a terra cada.

Still Dudon, flush'd with conquest, gave the rein  
 To his frenetic horse that with a bound  
 Bore down the sour Tigranes ; not in vain  
 The sharp sword struck, he headless fell to ground,  
 And savage ev'n in death the rolling eye-ball frown'd.      N. V.

Three times he strove to view Heaven's golden ray,  
 And raised him on his feeble elbow thrice,  
 And thrice he tumbled on the lowly lay,  
 And three times closed again his dying eyes ;  
 He speaks no word, *yet makes he signs to pray ;*  
 He sighs, he faints, he groans, *and then he dies.*  
 Argantes proud to spoil the corpse disdain'd,  
 But shook his sword with blood of Dudon stain'd.

Gli aprè tre volte, e i dolci rai del Cielo  
 Cercò fruire, e sovra un braccia alzarsi :  
 E tre volte ricadde, e fosco velo  
 Gli occhi adombrò, che stanchi alfin serrarsi  
 Si dissolvono i membri, e' l mortal gelo  
 Irrigiditi, e di sudor gli ha sparsi.  
 Sovra il corpo già morto il fero Argante  
 Punto non bada, e via trascorre avanti.

Thrice he unclosed those eyes, on Heaven's sweet light  
 Once more to feed ; thrice on his elbow raised,  
 Fainting, fell back,—then the blank veil of night  
 Muffled their balls, that giddy as they gazed  
 Droop'd—fix'd—and all was o'er ! his limbs unbraced,  
 Rigid with mortal frost, were sprinkled o'er  
 With death's chill dews effacing and effaced ;  
 The' insulting chief, one instant and no more,  
 Smiled on the lifeless corse, then fled fast as before.      N. V.

The following is Fairfax's very singular version of the 34th stanza of the Fourth Book : we may trace in it the same fondness for proverbial conceits :

This was the fowl that first fell in the snare,  
 He saw her fair, and hoped to find her kind ;  
 The throne of Cupid hath an easy stair,  
 His bark is fit to sail with every wind ;

The breach he makes no wisdom can repair ;—  
 With reverence meet the baron low inclined,  
 And thus his purpose to the virgin told,  
 For youth, use, nature, all had made him bold.

Come al lume farfalla, ei si rivolse  
 Allo splendor della beltà divina ;  
 E rimirar dappresso i lumi volse,  
 Che dolcemente atto modesto inchina ;  
 E ne trasse gran fiamma, e la raccolse  
 Come dà foco suole esca vicina :  
 E disse verso lei, ch' audace e baldo  
 Il fea degli anni e dell' amore il caldo :

As the wing'd insect to the lamp, so he  
 Flew to the splendour of her angel face,  
 Too much indulgent of his wish to see  
 Those eyes which pride and modesty abase.  
 And drawn within the fascinating blaze,  
 Gathering, like Semele, celestial fire,  
 O'erpowered with beauty, stupid for a space  
 He stood, till the bold blood of blithe desire  
 Did to his trembling tongue some few wild words inspire.

N. V.

But not to weary with a longer enumeration of faults,  
 the 73d Stanza, Book 5th, contains the climax of  
 absurd burlesque.

Their names were writ, and in a helmet shaken,  
 While each did Fortune's grace and aid implore ;  
 At last they drew them, and the foremost taken  
 The Earl of Pembroke was, Artemidore.  
*Doubtless the County thought his bread well baken :*  
 Next Gerard followed :—

Such being Fairfax's great inequality, the attempt even in a young writer to improve upon it will be thought probably to savour less of presumption than of an honourable ambition. As respects however the recent translation of the Rev. J. H. Hunt, it may be proper in me to observe, that I had commenced my translation before the appearance of his, and having already made some progress, I candidly avow that I saw no reason to withhold my own. In lieu of your own opinion, it is very usual to cite the encouraging sentiments of friends: Mr. Hunt has done so, and I might derive both gratification and countenance by pursuing a similar mode on the present occasion: but I believe that the approbation of an Author's friends is as much to be mistrusted as his own: it is often as undistinguishingly partial, as flatteringly fond, and after all, an author, unless he be a very vain or a disappointed man, seems to me as suitable a judge of his own productions as the many who may read him, or the many to whom he may fly for advice; for, as the author of *LACON* sagaciously tells us: "*we ask advice, but we mean approbation.*"

I have chosen the stanza of Spenser, as the happiest measure in my opinion, and the best adapted to the romantic spirit that pervades the *Jerusalem Delivered*.

The heroic couplet would undoubtedly have been more easily written, but it would have been infinitely more monotonous. Notwithstanding what some writers have advanced relative to the monotony of Spenser's stanza, I believe with Beattie, whose proud eulogy of it is in every one's remembrance, that it is only so to the reader when the poet is dull; and that it is more likely to appear fatiguing in a poem like *The Fairie Queene*, where the events and plan are so inextricably entangled, than in the service of a poet, who never once loses sight of his subject, who leads the attention undistracted along, with a gentle ease to the termination, shifting the scenes however with a rare felicity of invention, now from the conflicts of war to the intrigues of love, and now from the splendour of courts and camps to green pastures and still waters, to religious groves and secluded fountains, to the ominous cells of the enchanter, and the fairy palaces of enchantment. Much more variety of pause, much greater diversity of cadence, and a more sustained melody may be thrown into this stanza than into any other, whilst the resounding Alexandrine which shuts it up, like a golden door closing on some building of magnificent and various architecture,—is gloriously epic in its music and its majesty, and charms equally the ear, whether it expresses the low murmurs

of melancholy love, or the sonorous march, the emblazonry and bray of battle.

The Spenserian stanza is to the ottava rima, in the architecture of verse, what the Corinthian column is to Drayton's Tuscan. It has again this advantage over that of Fairfax, that it gives greater space for the translator to express the author's meaning. It was certainly a grand difficulty to him to be obliged to compress the stanza of Tasso into one of smaller compass, for Tasso's is syllabically longer even than Spenser's, much more so therefore than the English octave; the skill with which Fairfax, generally speaking, has done this, is not the least of his achievements. The super-added Alexandrine gives just sufficient scope to the Spenserian stanza for all the purposes of translation. The many rhymes of one class for which it is necessary to look out, must in a long poem render composition laborious, but this very labour of thought has a re-action of its own, and will often preserve a writer from looseness of expression, as the limits of the stanza will from diffuseness. Mr. Hunt, in the uncircumscribed range which he enjoys of the heroic couplet, often takes ten and even twelve lines to render the eight of Tasso. This his license tends necessarily to dilation and verbiage; and thus the stanza



of Spenser derives a fresh claim to the recommendation of the translator.

With respect to the rules by which translation should be directed, much difference of opinion must be allowed to exist. Some critics are for binding a translator down to a slavish, and almost verbal fidelity, and yet have the audacity to expect in his version the vigour and spirit of an original poem. Upon this plan was Carew's *Godfrey of Bulloigne* conducted, and the consequence is, that though written but twelve years before Fairfax's, it is ten times more quaint, more rugged, and tuneless : one instance will suffice. It is the beautiful stanza in the opening of the poem, where the poet forms his fine apology for poesy.

The world, thou know'st, to loved Parnassus flies,  
 Where most sweet Music ravishes the winds ;  
 Thou know'st that Truth in melody's disguise  
 Allures the coyest, charms the lightest minds :  
 Ev'n as a mother her sick infant blinds,  
 Touching the edges of the vase she gives  
 With honey :—pleased in sipping, he inclines  
 To the full draught, the bitter he receives,  
 And fitly thus beguiled—restored her infant lives.      N. V.

Thou know'st where luring Parnasse most poures out  
 His sweetnesse, all the world doth after runne,  
 And that truth season'd with smooth verse, from doubt  
 The wayward'st (flocking) to believe hath wonne ;

So cup, his brimmes earst liquorisht about  
 With sweet, we give to our diseased sonne ;  
 Beguilde he drinkes some bitter juice the while ;  
 And doth his life receive from such a guile. CAREW.

Thither thou know'st the world is best inclinde  
 Where luring Parnasse most his sweet imparts,  
 And truth convey'd in verse of gentle kinde  
 To reade, perhaps, will move the dullest hearts ;  
 So we, if children young diseases'd we finde,  
 Annoint with sweets the vessel's foremost parts,  
 To make them taste the potion sharpe we give,  
 They drink deceiv'd, and so deceiv'd they live. FAIRFAX.

Other critics grant almost unbounded license to the translator, who with such permission will often lose all similarity to his prototype. The golden mean is undoubtedly the best, though not the most indulgent. Without considerable license, ease is unattainable in a translation, and no poem can please long in which this is not a predominant quality. A translation should be less a *copy* than a *twin*. Fairfax's version has often been pronounced most exact and faithful, but I have taken far less liberties than Fairfax. The manner in which I have deemed it best to attempt to execute it, cannot be better expressed than in the dictum of the author of the *Curiosities of Literature*, which however I did not meet with till I had completed the first five books ; I was not a little strengthened in my plan by opinions so closely in unison with those which I had previously formed.

“ A Translator must be exact, not only in giving the  
“ thoughts of his Author, but even his own words,  
“ when they become essential and necessary. He must  
“ preserve the spirit and peculiar genius of his author.  
“ He must distinguish every character by its manners  
“ and its nature, by unfolding the sense and the words  
“ with suitable phrases and parallel expressions. He  
“ must yield beauties by other beauties, and figures by  
“ other figures, whenever the idiom of language does  
“ not admit of a close version. He must attempt a  
“ neatness in his manner; and to effect this, he must  
“ know skilfully to contract or enlarge his periods. He  
“ must not only sedulously attempt precision, and purity  
“ of diction, but he must strive also to embellish his  
“ version with those graces and images which frequently  
“ lie so closely hidden, that nothing but the being fami-  
“ liarly conversant with his author can discover them,  
“ and, lastly, he must present us with the sentiments of  
“ his author, without a servile attachment to his words  
“ or phrases, but rather, according to his spirit and his  
“ genius.” Vol. I. p. 262.

My reason for giving the Fourth Book as a specimen rather than any other, is that, of the early books, it is the best fitted for becoming such, not only from its greater singleness of action, but because it exhibits some-

what both of the grandeur of Tasso, and that amorous sweetness for which he is peculiarly distinguished ; and as it will thus show how far the Spenserian stanza is designed from its nature to be impressed into such a service. It is not till our poet has launched into the Sixth Book, that like a gallant vessel freed from its moorings, he glides through the deep waters of feeling, and with full press of sail, bounds abroad upon his high and beautiful adventure. The present book must consequently yield in interest to the succeeding ones, but it can for the same reason be more dispassionately considered.

To the periodical critics who may think proper to notice this attempt, I have a few words to say. That a writer who starts in a course like this, should expect to reach his goal without running the gauntlet through much that is severe, would argue either a great ignorance of things, or no little self-estimation. I cherish no such expectations ; but I have such respect for the generosity of the great body of the censors of our poetry as to believe, that the nobility of my aim will secure me from such purely personal observations as have heretofore been indulged in by one, whose honourable situation in what is called the republic of letters ought to have restrained him from the littleness

of such a proceeding. Of what consequence is it to the interests of literature by *whom* the sphere of taste and of enjoyment is attempted to be enlarged?—If any one should yet question what congeniality a *Friend* could find in Tasso, I reply—the same that Cowper discovered in Homer. I have no reason to be otherwise than grateful for the justice or the indulgence of the critics; I have profited by their strictures; and I now dismiss these leaves—the product of those golden hours of leisure which one engaged in severer pursuits, is compelled to coin to himself, certainly without presumption, and as certainly without fear: because I know that the intellect and curiosity of the age will not suffer any writings to die that may deserve to live, whilst those which have little or no desert, will merit the oblivion they meet.

Woburn, 2nd Month 13th, 1821.

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## Proposals.

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SHOULD the present Specimen be received with such encouragement as would satisfy the Translator that a complete version of the *Jerusalem Delivered* in the same measure would be regarded with a favourable eye, it will be prosecuted with as much promptness as may be consistent with the importance of such a work, and the first volume will be put to press with little delay, containing the first Six Books, with a Life of Tasso. The whole will be completed in three volumes octavo, elegantly printed and embellished.

*PRICE TO SUBSCRIBERS—Two Guineas.*

Subscribers' Names and Address will be received by the Author, and at John Warren's, Old Bond-Street.

# Jerusalem Delivered.

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## BOOK IV.

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## The Argument.

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LUCIFER, indignant at the progress of the Christian arms in Palestine, calls to synod all his angels, and in a passionate harangue reminding them of their expulsion from Heaven, of the dignity which in consequence of their fall was bestowed upon man, and of the attempts which were making to overthrow their worship by the powers of Christendom, lets them loose from the abyss to wreak their malice on the armies around Jerusalem, and by every art to oppose their enterprise. At the inspiration of one of these, Hidraötes, Prince of Damascus, a powerful magician, sends his beautiful niece Armida to the camp with the design of captivating the Christian knights, and of thwarting their designs by her enchantments. She is introduced by Eustace to the chief, and in a fictitious story of her misfortunes, tries to move his pity, and requests ten champions may be granted to redress her wrongs. Godfrey at first refuses, but at length at the earnest solicitations of his brother Eustace, and of his barons, reluctantly consents. During her stay in the camp, Armida succeeds in captivating by her blandishments most of the Christian knights.

The scene at the beginning of the book lies in Tartarus, whence it shifts to Damascus, and the camp before Jerusalem. Time about seven days.

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# Jerusalem Delivered.

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## BOOK THE FOURTH.

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### I

**W**HILST thus in fervent toil the artisan  
Gave his magnificent enginry to rise  
For instant service, the grand foe of man  
Turned on the Christian hosts his livid eyes ;  
He saw them ranged in glad societies,  
Blest with success, and jealous of their good,  
Bit both his lips for rage ; in groans and sighs  
His grief found voice, as in his savage mood,  
Pierced by some hunter, roars the bison of the wood.

## II.

Then, having run through every mode of thought  
To work them fiercest ills, he gave command  
That all his angels should make swift resort  
To his imperial court, a horrid band !  
As though it were a trifling thing to stand  
(Oh fool!) the antagonist of God, and spite  
His divine will, forgetful of the hand  
Which thundering through all space, from heaven's blue height  
Hurled him of yore down—down to Tartarus and night.

## III.

Its hoarse alarm the Stygian trumpet blew  
To the immortal tribes of night ; aghast,  
Into the boundless gloom roaring it flew,  
Blind air rebellowing to the dreary blast,  
Which made all Orcus tremble ; never cast  
The black skies so insufferable a sound,  
When the harsh thunder's groaning car rolled past ;  
Nor ever in such motion rocked the ground,  
When in its quivering heart conflicting fires were bound.

## IV.

The Gods of the Abyss in various swarms  
From all sides to the yawning portals throng,  
Swift, at the shrieking signal—horrible forms,  
Strange to the sight, unspeakable in song!  
Death shone in all their eyes; some passed along  
With animal tramp; some, as the Sirens fair,  
Whose human faces bore the viper's tongue,  
And hissing snakes for ornamental hair,  
Rode forth on dragon folds that lashed the raven air.

## V.

There might you hear the Harpy's clangorous brood,  
The Python's hiss, the Hydra's wailing yell,  
Mad Scylla barking in her greedy mood,  
And roaring Polypheme, the pride of hell;  
Pale Gorgons, savage Sphinxes, Centaurs fell,  
Geryons, Chimeras breathing flakes of fire,  
Figures conceptionless, innumerable,  
Multiform visages in one, all dire,  
To the vast halls of Dis in hideous speed aspire.



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## VI.

They took their station right and left around  
The grisly king; he, cruel of command,  
Sate in the midst of them, and sourly frowned,  
The huge, rough sceptre in his brandished hand.  
No Alpine crag magnificently grand,  
No rock of the' sea in size with him might vie;  
Calpe, and Atlas soaring from the sand,  
Seemed to his stature little hills : so high  
Reared he his horned front in that stupendous sky.

## VII.

There was a majesty in his fierce face  
That deepening others' fears, increased his pride ;  
His eyes were bloodshot, and instinct with rays  
That like a baleful comet, far and wide,  
Diffused a venomous splendour which outvied  
The fascinating snake's ; barbarous and hoar  
His grand beard swept his breast, and, gaping wide  
As deep Charybdis on the Sicil shore,  
Yawned his terrific jaws, besmeared with foaming gore.





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Seemed to his stature little hills : so high  
Reared he his horned front in that stupendous sky.

## VII.

There was a majesty in his fierce face  
That deepening others' fears, increased his pride ;  
His eyes were bloodshot, and instinct with rays  
That like a baleful comet, far and wide,  
Diffused a venomous splendour which outvied  
The fascinating snake's ; barbarous and hoar  
His grand beard swept his breast, and, gaping wide  
As deep Charybdis on the Sicil shore,  
Yawned his terrific jaws, besmeared with foaming gore.

## VIII.

His breath was like those sulphurous vapours born  
In thunder, stench, and the live shotstar's light,  
When red Vesuvius showers, by earthquakes torn,  
O'er sleeping Naples in the dead of night  
Funereal ashes ! whilst he spoke, affright  
Hushed howling Cerberus, Celæno's shriek ;—  
Cocytus paused in his lamenting flight ;  
The abysses trembled ; horror chilled each cheek ;  
And these the words they heard the shouting giant speak.

## IX.

“ PRINCES OF HELL ! but worthier far to fill  
“ In Heaven, whence each one sprang, his diamond throne,  
“ Ye ! who with me were hurled from the blest hill,  
“ Where glorious as the morning-star we shone,  
“ To range these frightful dungeons—ye have known  
“ The ancient jealousies and fierce disdains  
“ Which goaded us to battle,—overthrown  
“ We are judged rebels, and besieged with pains,  
“ Whilst o'er his starry droves the happy victor reigns.



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## X.

“ And for the’ ethereal air, serene and pure,  
“ The golden sun, and starry spheres, his hate  
“ Has locked us in this bottomless obscure,  
“ Forbidding bold ambition to translate  
“ Our spirits to their first divine estate.  
“ Then, ah the bitter thought! ’tis this which aye  
“ Stings me to madness—, did he not create  
“ The vile worm man, that thing of reptile clay,  
“ To fill our vacant seats in those blue fields of day?

## XI.

“ Nor this sufficed ; to spite us more, he gave  
“ His only son, his darling to the dead.  
“ He came ; he burst the portals of the grave ;  
“ Compassed our kingdoms with audacious tread ;  
“ The spirits in torment doomed to us, he led  
“ Back to the skies—his richly-ransomed throng ;  
“ And, in our teeth, Hell’s conquered ensigns spread,  
“ Abroad on Heaven’s bright battlements uphung,  
“ The whilst ten thousand saints loud alleluiahs sung.

## XII.

- “ But why renew afflictions too severe  
“ By numbering up the wrongs already known !  
“ When, and on what occasion did ye hear  
“ He paused in wrath, and left his works undone ?  
“ No more o’er past indignities I run,  
“ But present injuries and future shame—  
“ Must we slight these ? Alas ! we cannot shun  
“ The consciousness that now his hated aim  
“ Is the wide nations round from darkness to reclaim.

## XIII.

- “ What ! shall we pass in sloth the days and hours,  
“ Cherish no wrath-born lightnings in our veins,  
“ But leave his principalities and powers  
“ To reap fresh laurels on the Asian plains ?  
“ To lead Judea in their servile chains,  
“ And spread his worshipped name from clime to clime ?  
“ Sound it in other tongues, in other strains ?  
“ And on fresh columns sculpture it sublime,  
“ To teach a future age, and mock almighty Time ?

## XIV.

- “ And must our glorious idols be o’erthrown ?  
“ Our altars change to his ? our temples nod ?  
“ Gold, incense, vows, be paid to him alone ?  
“ And Baäl bow before the shrine of God ?  
“ In the high Groves where erst we made abode  
“ Must priest, nor charm, nor oracle remain ?  
“ And shall the myriad spirits who bestowed  
“ Tribute on us that tribute now disdain,  
“ And o’er dispeopled realms abandoned Pluto reign ?

## XV.

- “ No ! for our essences are yet the same,  
“ The same our pride, our prowess, and our power,  
“ As when with sharp steel and engirding flame,  
“ In godlike battle we withstood the flower  
“ Of heaven’s archangels ; we in evil hour  
“ Were foiled, I grant, but smiling chance, not skill  
“ Made them victorious—still we scorned to cower ;  
“ The fire of glory—tamelessness of will,  
“ Burnt it not in our hearts ? does it not burn there still ?



## XVI.

“ Then longer why delay ! arise, take wing,  
“ My hope, my strength, my sweet familiars, fly ;  
“ Plagues and swift ruin on these Christians bring,  
“ Ere reinforced by any fresh ally ;  
“ Haste ! quench the spreading flame of chivalry,  
“ Ere in its blaze Judea all unites ;  
“ Your arts exert, your upas-arrows ply ;  
“ Enter at will among their armed knights,  
“ Now practise open force, and now use secret sleights.

## XVII.

“ Let what I will be fate ! give some to rove  
“ In exile, some in battle to be slain ;  
“ Let some abandoned to a lawless love,  
“ Make woman’s smiles and frowns their joy and pain,  
“ And brilliant eyes their idols ; let some stain  
“ Their swords in civil strife ; let some engage  
“ In crimes against their king ; let murder reign  
“ With treason, rage with murder, hate with rage ;  
“ So perish all—priest, king, page, noble, serf, and sage !”

## XVIII.

Before the Anarch closed his fierce harangue,  
His rebel angels in loud mirth were flown,  
Glad to revisit the pure light ;—a clang  
Of pinions passed, and he was left alone.  
As in their liminary grottos moan  
The genii of the storm—as forth they sweep,  
Or ere the signal of the winds is blown,  
With howling sound, their carnival to keep,  
And in grand strife embroil the kingdoms of the deep ;—

## XIX.

So they, o'er every valley, wave, and hill,  
Spreading their nimble wings, themselves dispersed,  
Intent to frame with more than demon-skill  
New-fancied snares, and use their arts accursed.  
But say, sweet Muse ! of mighty ills, what first  
Their malice wrought, and by what agents, say ;  
Thou know'st it ; Fame the tidings has rehearsed,  
But in the gloom remote of times grown grey,  
Long ere it reach our ear, the weak voice melts away.

## XX.

In rich Damascus Hidraötes reign'd,  
A mighty wizard, who from childhood pored  
O'er deep divining volumes, till he gained  
The knowledge which he pined for, and adored.  
But what availed his vast and priceless hoard  
Of signs and charms, if he could not foretell  
The war's uncertain issues ? his search soared  
To heaven—no star, no planet owned the spell,  
Nor would one parleying ghost divulge the truth from hell.

## XXI.

And yet he thought (blind human wit, how vain  
And crooked are thy thoughts !) that God had blessed  
The Paynim arms, and surely would ordain  
Death to the' unconquered armies of the West ;  
He judged that Egypt from their grasp would wrest  
The palm of war, and from the dazzling game  
Depart a winning victor, and impressed  
With this one image, he resolved to claim  
Part in the grand award of conquest, wealth, and fame.

## XXII.

But since their prowess drew his highe'st esteem,  
The war's red chances he forbore to dare,  
And long revolved by what superior scheme  
The Christian princes he might first ensnare,  
And sap their power, and to his aims prepare  
The aid of Egypt, till with ruin rife  
His hosts the conquering sword abroad should bear ;  
His evil angel marked the mental strife,  
Made quick the embryo thought, and pushed it into life.

## XXIII.

The fraud he framed, the counsel he inspired,  
And made his purpose easy to pursue ;  
He had a niece whose beauty all admired ;  
The Helen of the East, she daily grew  
More loved, caressed, and worshipped ; well she knew  
Each fine discretion, each beguiling art  
Of virgin and enchantress ; her he drew  
To his divan, and thus to her apart,  
In nectarous words made known the wishes of his heart.

## XXIV.

- “ Dear girl ! that underneath these locks of gold,  
“ And that fair face we well may deem divine,  
“ Dost hide a heart, wise, masculine, and bold,  
“ And magic skill transcendent over mine,—  
“ I nurse a glorious thought : the brave design  
“ But needs thy happy guidance to commend  
“ My hopes to sure success ; the thread I twine,  
“ Weave thou the web, the lively colours blend ;  
“ What cautious Age begins must dauntless Beauty end.

## XXV.

- “ Go to the camp ; there tremble, weep, and sigh,  
“ Each female charm that lures to love employ ;  
“ Let the lips aid the witchcraft of the eye,  
“ Smiles flash through tears, and grief despond in joy :  
“ Now shrink from notice, now with prayers annoy ;  
“ In weeping beauty o’er the wise prevail ;  
“ Go ! storm the’ obdurate bosom, win the coy,  
“ In seeming truth clothe fiction’s fairy tale,  
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## XXVI.

“ Take if thou canst Lord Godfrey in the thrall  
“ Of thy sweet looks and amiable address,  
“ Till his soul sickens at the trumpet’s call,  
“ And the world’s war dissolves in a caress ;  
“ But if this feat surpass thy skill, possess  
“ His bravest nobles, and in friendship’s guise  
“ Transport them to some boundless wilderness,  
“ Ne’er to return:”—then opens his device,  
And adds—“ these means our faith—our country sanctifies.”

## XXVII.

The beautiful Armida in her pride  
Assumed the adventure, and in twilight gray,  
Eve’s grateful star her solitary guide,  
Alone, untended, took her secret way.  
In clustering locks and feminine array,  
Armed but with loveliness and frolic youth,  
She trusts to conquer mighty kings, and slay  
Embattled hosts ; meanwhile false rumours soothe  
The light censorious crowd, sagacious of the truth.





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## XXVIII.

When the third morning showered its roseate dew,  
She saw the Latins' white pavilions rise ;  
The camp she reached,—her wondrous beauty drew  
The gaze and admiration of all eyes ;  
Not less than if some strange star in the skies,  
Or sparkling comet's more resplendent tiar  
Shone forth ; a murmur far before her flies,  
And crowds press round, to listen or inquire  
Who the fair pilgrim is, and soothe their eyes' desire.—

## XXIX.

Never did Greece or Italy behold  
A form to fancy and to taste more dear !  
At times, the white veil dims her locks of gold,  
At times, in bright relief they re-appear :  
Thus, when the stormy skies begin to clear,  
Now through transparent clouds the sunshine gleams,  
Now, issuing from its shrine, the gorgeous Sphere  
Lights up the vales, flowers, mountains, leaves, and streams,  
With a diviner day—the spirit of bright beams.

## XXX.

New ringlets form the flowing winds amid  
The natural curls of her resplendent hair ;  
Her blue eye, rolled beneath its shadowing lid,  
Locks up its wealth with more than miser care ;  
The rival roses upon cheeks more fair  
Than Morning Light, each other's claims oppose,  
But on her lips, whose breath the lovesick air  
Wooes for its violet scent, the crimson rose,  
Its whole voluptuous bloom in crowned dominion throws.

## XXXI.

Ripe as the grape just mellowing into wine,  
Her bosom swells to sight ; its lily breasts,  
Smooth, soft, and sweet, like alabaster shine,  
Part bare, part hid by her embroidered vests ;  
Whose jealous fringe the greedy eye arrests,  
But leaves its fond imaginations free,  
To sport, like doves, in those delicious nests,  
And their most shadowed secrecies to see ;  
Peopling with beautiful dreams the lively phantasy.

## XXXII.

As through the waters of a crystal spring,  
Blue with excessive depth, the sunbeam darts,  
Cleaving the still glass with its gorgeous wing,  
It leaves no wrinkle on the wave it parts :  
So, noiseless, Fancy dives in virgins' hearts  
Through vestures as unruffled, to explore  
Their amiable deceits, their shining arts,  
And the mind's cells, whence Love his golden ore  
Draws to illume desire, and charm us more and more.

## XXXIII.

Praised and admired Armida passed amid  
The wishful crowd, and did not seem to spy  
The interest raised, but in her deep heart hid  
The syren smile just darting to her eye,  
In prelude of foretasted victory :  
Whilst in the mute suspense of troubled pride  
She sought with look solicitous yet shy,  
For her uncertain feet an ushering guide  
To Godfrey's royal tent, young Eustace pressed her side.

## XXXIV.

As the winged insect to the lamp, so he  
Flew to the splendour of her angel face,  
Too much indulgent of his wish to see  
Those eyes which pride and modesty abase;  
And drawn within the fascinating blaze,  
Gathering, like Semele, celestial fire,  
O'erpowered with beauty, stupid for a space  
He stood—till the bold blood of blithe desire  
Did to his trembling tongue some few wild words inspire.

## XXXV.

“ Oh Lady! if thy rank that name allow,  
“ If shapes of spiritual mould confess the call,  
“ For never yet did partial Heaven endow  
“ With its own light a daughter of the Fall,  
“ Say on what inquest, from what happy hall  
“ Seek'st thou our fortunate tents? But if we greet  
“ In thee one of the tribes angelical,  
“ Cause us to know—that we, as were most meet,  
“ May bend to thee unblamed, and kiss thy saintly feet.”

## XXXVI.

- “ Signior,” she said, “ thy praises shame a worth  
“ Too poor to warrant such a bold belief,  
“ Thou seest before thee one of mortal birth,  
“ One dead to joy, and vital but with grief;  
“ My fierce afflictions scourge me to your chief;  
“ An outraged virgin in a timeless flight,  
“ I speed to him for safety and relief,  
“ Assured that he will re-assert my right;  
“ So wide resounds his fame for graciousness and might.

## XXXVII.

- “ But if indulgent courtesy be thine,  
“ Now to your sultan grant me strait access!”  
“ Yes, lovely pilgrim,” he replied, “ be mine  
“ The task to guide thee in thy young distress.  
“ Nor is my interest with Lord Godfrey less  
“ Than what a brother may presume to vaunt;  
“ Thy suit shall not be naked of success;  
“ All that his sceptre or my sword can grant,  
“ Shall in thy power be placed, to punish or supplant.”

## XXXVIII.

He brought her where, retiring from the crowd  
With captains, princes, and magnificent peers,  
Duke Godfrey sate ; she reverently bowed,  
Shame burning on her cheek, and rising tears  
Stifling her speech : he reassured her fears,  
Chid back the blush so beautifully bright,  
Till, sweeter than the music of the spheres,  
Binding their ravished senses in delight,  
Her syren voice broke forth, and all were mute as Night.

## XXXIX.

“ Brave Prince ! whose grand name is a starry theme  
“ For the applauses of all time,—to whom  
“ Kings—nations—tamed in battle kneel, and deem  
“ Their deed of vassalage a glorious doom,—  
“ To realms far wider than thy martial plume  
“ Will wave, thy valour by the winds is blown,  
“ Till ev’n thy foes adore thee, and presume  
“ In meek assurance to approach thy throne,  
“ And respite ask from ills with which they vainly groan.



## XL.

“ Thus I, though nourished in the faith you hate,  
“ And strive to cancel from the world’s wide page,  
“ Hope to acquire through thee my lost estate,  
“ My sceptre, and ancestral heritage ;  
“ Others, oppressed by foreign force, engage  
“ The succours of their kindred ; I, alas,  
“ Defrauded of their pity at an age  
“ Which claims it most, the bounds of kindred pass,  
“ And hostile arms invoke—the ghost of what I was !

## XLI.

“ On thee I call, on thee depend, for thou  
“ Alone canst conquer back mine ancient crown ;  
“ ’Twere more divine in thee to raise the low,  
“ Than on the proud to call destruction down ;  
“ Lovelier is mercy’s smile than valour’s frown,  
“ A suppliant cherished than a foe undone :  
“ And far less beautiful were thy renown,  
“ (Attest it with thy truth, thou glorious Sun!)  
“ To lay whole realms in dust, than thus relumine one.

## XLII.

- “ But if our varying faiths—my Gentile creed—  
“ Influence thy judgment to despise my prayer,  
“ Let this my faith in thine indulgence plead  
“ For me, nor prove an illusory snare.  
“ Lo ! before universal Jove I swear,  
“ God over all, from whom all empire flows,  
“ A juster quarrel never claimed thy care ;  
“ Then listen ! frauds, conspiracies, and foes,  
“ Of these my story treats,—a tale of many woes.

## XLIII.

- “ The daughter I of Arbilan who reigned  
“ In fair Damascus—mean by birth, made great  
“ By fortune ; Queen Cariclea he obtained  
“ In marriage, and with her possessed the state.  
“ Her death, alas, did almost antedate  
“ My worthless life ! I issued from the womb  
“ As she expired,—the self-same hour of fate,  
“ (Oh birth too dearly bought ! oh ill-starred doom !)  
“ Me to the cradle gave, her to the voiceless tomb.

## XLIV.

“ Five summer-suns had scarcely spent their fire  
“ Since Death’s pale Angel called her to the skies,  
“ Than, yielding to the lot of all, my sire  
“ Rejoined her sainted shade in Paradise.  
“ He left his brother by his last devise  
“ Sole regent of the kingdom and of me,  
“ Thinking that if the natural pieties  
“ In mortal breasts had mansion, they must be  
“ Locked in his heart of hearts with virtue’s strictest key.

## XLV.

“ Thus then he played the tutor to my youth,  
“ And with such show of kindness, that each wind  
“ Voiced far and near his uncorrupted truth,  
“ Paternal love, and bounty unconfined.  
“ Whether the guilty movements of his mind  
“ Beneath a flattering face he thought to hide,  
“ Or that he then sincerely was inclined  
“ To work me good by making me the bride  
“ Of his ungracious son,—’twere idle to decide.—

## XLVI.

“ I grew in years, and with me grew his son,  
“ But by no brave accomplishments, no store  
“ Of sciences or arts could he be won,  
“ He hated knightly deeds and princely lore.  
“ Beneath a hideous countenance he bore  
“ A baser heart, where pride and avarice  
“ Shot their dark roots down to the deepest core ;  
“ Savage in manners, slave to dress and dice,  
“ None but himself could be his paragon in vice.

## XLVII.

“ And now it was that my kind guardian strove  
“ To wed me with this ill-assorted thing,  
“ A goodly gallant for a lady’s love,  
“ To charm as bridegroom, and to reign as king !  
“ Rhetoric he used—he used address to bring  
“ The ardent hopes with which his fancy swelled  
“ To their vowed end, but never could he wring  
“ From me the fatal promise,—I rebelled,  
“ And all his golden bribes disdainfully repelled.

## XLVIII.

- “ At last he left me with a gloomy face,  
“ His elvish heart transpicious in his look ;  
“ Too well my future story could I trace  
“ In the dark leaves of that prophetic book.  
“ Thenceforth each night alarming visions shook  
“ My slumbers ; in my ears strange outcries shrilled,  
“ Ghosts glared and shadows frowned, till my soul took  
“ The selfsame ashiness of hue, and thrilled  
“ With ghastly fears, since—oh how fatally, fulfilled !

## XLIX.

- “ And thrice my mother’s piteous ghost appeared ;  
“ Ah ! how unlike her smiling face portrayed  
“ In picture, loving, lovely, and endeared,  
“ Now all illusion, and a pallid shade !  
“ ‘ Fly ! fly ! my child, fly ! fly ! ’ the figure said,  
“ ‘ Instant death threatens thee, and more swift than Light  
“ Will the stroke fall ;—the traitor’s toils are laid ;  
“ The poison in its gay glass sparkles bright ;—  
“ This said, it glided by, and melted into night.

## L.

“ But what, alas, availed it that my heart  
“ Received a presage of the perils near,  
“ When, unresolved to act the counselled part,  
“ My sex and tender age gave way to fear !  
“ To rove through deserts, woods, and mountains drear  
“ In willing exile,—undefenced to go  
“ From my paternal realms, seem’d more severe  
“ Than to yield up the struggle to my foe,  
“ And there to close mine eyes where first they woke in woe.

## LI.

“ I dreaded death, yet, (will it be believed ?)  
“ With death at hand, I durst not flee away ;  
“ I feared ev’n lest my fear should be perceived,  
“ And thus accelerate the fatal day.  
“ Thus restless, thus disturbed, without one ray  
“ Of comfort, I dragged on my wretched life,  
“ In a perpetual fever of dismay,  
“ Wound on the wheel of doubt, with thought at strife—  
“ Like him o’er whose bared neck the assassin points his knife.

## LII.

“ But whether my good Genius ruled, or Fate  
“ Preserved me yet for days of thicker gloom,  
“ One of the noblest ministers of state  
“ Whose youth my father fostered, sought my room ;  
“ In brief disclosing that the hour of doom,  
“ Fixed by the fiend, was now upon the wing ;  
“ That he himself had promised to assume  
“ The murderous office, and strong poisons wring,  
“ That night, in the sherbet my page was wont to bring.—

## LIII.

“ Flight he assured me was my sole resource  
“ In this last crisis of despair, and prayed  
“ That since bereft of every other force,  
“ I would accept his own effective aid  
“ His counsels, full of comfort, soon persuade  
“ My undetermined spirit ; to the wind  
“ I gave my fears, and only now delayed  
“ Till eve’s grey veil the telltale light should blind,  
“ To leave all that I loved and hated far behind.

## LIV.

“ Night fell ; a raven darkness, more obscure  
“ Than usual, its kind shadows round us spread,  
“ When with two favourite maids I passed secure  
“ The guarded palace, mounted horse, and fled.  
“ But through the trembling tears I ceaseless shed,  
“ Long I looked back on the receding towers,  
“ Insatiate with the sight ; all objects fed  
“ My sorrow, each one spoke of happier hours,  
“ The hills, the lamp-lit mosques, and silent-scenting flowers.

## LV.

“ To them my looks, my thoughts, my sighs were given,  
“ Whilst my strong steed flew forward fast and free ;  
“ I fared like an unanchored pinnace driven  
“ From its loved port by whirlwinds far to sea.  
“ That night, and the successive day we flee  
“ By paths no passenger before had pressed,  
“ Till on the confines of my realm we see  
“ Its last baronial seat,—there tired we rest,  
“ Just as the sun’s slow orb forsook the fulgent west.—



## LVI.

“ It was the castle of the generous knight  
“ (Arontes), who had made my life his care ;  
“ But when the baffled traitor by our flight  
“ Perceived I had escaped the mortal snare,  
“ His rage flamed forth against us both ; and ere  
“ I could arraign him, intricate in ill,  
“ Gathering a fresh presumption from despair,  
“ He charged on us his own all-evil will,  
“ And the same crimes which he was studious to fulfil.

## LVII.

“ He swore I had the false Arontes bribed  
“ To mix destroying poisons in his bowl,  
“ Impatient of the maxims he prescribed  
“ To curb my lust, that free of all control,  
“ I might pursue the bias of my soul,  
“ And with voluptuous blandishments commend  
“ My beauty to a thousand youths.—Skies ! roll  
“ Your thunders, let revenging fires descend,  
“ Ere I thy sacred laws, dear Chastity, offend !

## LVIII.

- “ That avarice and ambition, pride and pique  
“ Urge him to shed mine innocent blood, must claim  
“ Grief and alarm, but that the wretch should seek  
“ To fix dishonour on my spotless name,  
“ Goes to my heart: he, fearful of the flame  
“ Of popular rage, with smooth tongued eloquence,  
“ Forges a thousand falsehoods to my shame,  
“ So that the city fluctuates in suspense  
“ Betwixt the guilt of both, nor arms in my defence.

## LIX.

- “ Yet though he sits on mine authentic throne,  
“ Though my tiara sparkles on his brow,  
“ Possession spurs him but more fiercely on  
“ To work me deeper injury, shame, and woe.  
“ With fire and sword he threatens to o’erthrow  
“ Arontes in his fortress, if in chains  
“ He yield not, and on me denounces now  
“ Not merely war, but stripes and exquisite pains,  
“ Whilst flows one rosy drop in my voluptuous veins.

## LX.

- “ This—under colour of a lively zeal  
“ To purge away the stains of my disgrace,  
“ And to its primal purity anneal  
“ The golden sceptre which my crimes debase !  
“ But the true motive is a wish to place  
“ His claim beyond contest ; whilst I remain  
“ Heir to the crown, he fears no plea can grace  
“ His kingly usurpation, so is fain  
“ To build upon my death the basis of his reign.

## LXI.

- “ And let the savage have his fell desire,  
“ Let him enjoy what he is fixt to gain,  
“ And in my heart’s blood quench the boundless ire  
“ Which all my tears were powerless to restrain !  
“ This will he do if thou my suit disdain ;  
“ To thee—a wretched girl, weak, innocent,  
“ Orphaned—I fly ; and must the tears be vain  
“ Shed on thy holy robes ? relent ! relent !  
“ Oh, by the knees I grasp, forbid his fierce intent.

## LXII.

- “ By these thy feet, that on the proud and strong  
“ Triumphantly have trod ; by thy right hand ;  
“ By thy grand victories, a choral throng !  
“ By the pure temples of this glorious land  
“ Freed by thy sword, or to be freed,—withstand,  
“ Thou canst withstand his profligate decree ;  
“ My crown—my life preserve, secure, command,  
“ Merciful Sire ! but vain is mercy’s plea,  
“ If that religious right and justice move not thee.

## LXIII.

- “ Beloved of Heaven ! thou destined to desire  
“ That which is just, and thy desires achieve,  
“ In saving me my kingdom thou ’lt acquire,  
“ Which but in fief of thee I will receive ;  
“ Let ten thy bravest from these myriads leave  
“ The camp beneath my conduct ; their renown  
“ Voiced through the senate will my cause retrieve,  
“ Will win my faithful Commons to strike down,  
“ Crimeless the man of crime, and repossess my crown.

## LXIV.

- “ One of my nobles, to whose keeping falls  
“ A secret gate, has promised me access,  
“ At dead of night, to my paternal halls,  
“ This suit he only—counselled me to press.  
“ The smallest aids thou grantest to redress  
“ The many wrongs I suffer, will inflame  
“ His hopes with brighter prospects of success,  
“ Than if from other kings whole armies came,  
“ So highly he respects thy banners and thy name!”

## LXV.

She ceased ; but still the gestures of her eye  
Spoke eloquence beyond the reach of prayer ;  
Doubtful alike to grant as to deny,  
A thousand changeful thoughts, absorbing care,  
Godfrey revolved ; he feared some Gentile snare  
Couched in her tears, some ambuscade of art ;  
He knew who kept not faith with God, would dare  
Break league with man : still pity pleads her part,  
Pity—which slumbers not within a noble heart.

## LXVI.

His native ruth inspired the wish that she  
Deserved his grace, and policy on ruth  
Succeeding, whispered it were wise to free,  
And fix in strong Damascus one whose truth,  
Enforced by the dependencies of youth,  
Might much avail him with her feudal arms  
The course of his sublime designs to smoothe,—  
To minister supplies against the' alarms  
Of Egypt's locust tribes and subsidiary swarms.

## LXVII.

Whilst thus from wavering thought to thought he flies,  
Revolves, and re-revolves, the eager maid  
Fixed on his downcast face her feeding eyes,  
And its least workings breathlessly surveyed ;  
And when his answer longer was delayed  
Than she had hoped, she trembled, drooped, and sighed,  
Her quivering lips the heart's alarm betrayed,—  
Pale grew her face : at length the Prince replied,  
And in these gentle words mildly her suit denied.

## LXVIII.

“ If God’s own quarrel had not claimed these swords,  
“ Now oath-bound to his cause, thy hopes might rest  
“ On them in perfect trust, not pitying words  
“ But valid actions had thy wrongs redressed ;  
“ But whilst his heritage is thus oppressed  
“ Beneath the harsh rod of a bigot king,  
“ How can we grant, sweet Lady, this request ?  
“ Diminished hosts declining fortunes bring,  
“ And check the flowing tide of Victory in its spring.

## LXIX.

“ But I do promise—firmly may’st thou trust  
“ My princely word, and live secure from fear—  
“ If e’er we conquer from a yoke unjust  
“ These towers, to Heaven and piety so dear,  
“ To pity’s voice I will incline mine ear  
“ Thee on thy lost throne to exalt ; but now,  
“ Pity nor Piety can interfere  
“ To cancel what to the Most High we owe,  
“ And for a mortal’s sake annul our solemn vow.’

## LXX.

At this the mournful Princess drooped her head,  
And stirless stood as Niobe of yore,  
Then raised her eyes impearled to heaven, and said—  
Whilst all the woman at their founts ran o'er—  
“ Lost ! lost ! oh sun ! skies ! stars ! what evils more  
“ Do ye rain down ? did ever one fulfil  
“ A doom so harsh and merciless before ?  
“ Woe’s me ! all natures change ; the world grows chill ;  
“ I only vary not, immutable in ill !

## LXXI.

“ Now farewell hope ! now welcome misery !  
“ All prayer in human breasts has lost its force ;  
“ Am I to hope the tears that touched not thee  
“ Will move the guilty tyrant with remorse ?—  
“ Yet, though denied this pitiful resource,  
“ With no reproach thy rigour shall be paid ;  
“ It is my Genius I accuse—the source  
“ Of all my ills,—my Genius who has made  
“ Godfrey’s an icy heart, ’tis him that I upbraid.



## LXXII.

- “ Not to thee, gracious Sultan ! not to thee  
“ Lay I this crime, but to imperious Fate ;  
“ Oh, that her active tyranny would free  
“ My weary spirit from a world I hate !  
“ Was't not enough, stern Power, to dedicate  
“ Mother and sire in their unblossom'd life  
“ To the dark grave, that from my high estate  
“ Thou hast now tossed me on this sea of strife,  
“ And given thy victim bound and blinded to the knife !

## LXXIII.

- “ Now holy sanctitude and maiden shame  
“ Urge me to go, but whither shall I fly ?  
“ There is no refuge for a blighted name ;  
“ Earth holds no spot beneath the infinite sky  
“ So secret, but the tyrant's basilisk eye  
“ Will enter, and transfix me ; but—I go ;  
“ The Angel of Death approaching I descry ;  
“ Nought now is left but to prevent his blow ;  
“ None but Armida's arm shall lay Armida low !

## LXXIV.

She ceased ; a generous and majestic scorn  
Fired all her features to a rose-like red,  
And then she made as she would have withdrawn,  
With grief and anger in her farewell tread.  
Her eyes, 'twixt passion and resentment, shed  
Tears thick as summer's heat-drops—tears, that shine,  
With the sun's golden rays athwart them spread,  
Like falling pearls, like crystals argentine,  
Or sparkling opal-drops from some far Indian mine.

## LXXV.

Her fresh cheeks, sprinkled with those living showers,  
Which to her vesture's hem, down gliding, cling,  
Appear like jasmine and carnation flowers  
Humid with May-dews, when romantic Spring  
In shadow of the green leaves whispering  
Spreads their shut bosoms to the laughing air ;—  
Flowers—to which sweet Aurora oft takes wing,  
Which with gay hand she culls with such fond care  
In morn's melodious prime, to bind her vagrant hair.

## LXXVI.

But the clear drops that thick as stars of night  
On those fresh cheeks and that embellished breast  
Sparkle, have all the effect of fire, and light  
A melancholy flame in every breast ;  
Oh Love ! the marvellous rod by thee possessed  
For ever powerful over Nature, draws  
Lightning from tears, and gives to grief a zest  
Beyond the bliss of smiles, but nature's laws  
Its magic more than quells in this thy darling's cause.

## LXXVII.

Her feigned laments from roughest warriors call  
Sincerest tears ; their hearts to her incline ;  
Each shares some part of her distress, and all  
At Godfrey's sternness whisperingly repine :  
“ Surely he made the vext sea-roaring brine  
“ His nursing cradle, and wild wolves that rave  
“ On the bald crags of some rude Apennine  
“ Gave his youth suck. Oh, cruel as the grave,  
“ Who could view charms like hers, and not consent to save !”

## LXXVIII.

But Eustace, in whose young rebellious blood  
Pity and love flowed strongest, whilst the rest  
But murmured and were silent, forward stood,  
And fearlessly his brother thus address'd :  
“ Oh Prince! far too inflexibly thy breast  
“ Keeps to the firmness of its first design,  
“ If to the popular voice which would obtest  
“ Thy clemency, thou dost not now incline ;  
“ Reverent of mercy's claims and quality divine.

## LXXIX.

“ Think not I urge the princedoms and the powers  
“ Who rank dependant tribes beneath their care,  
“ To turn their arms from these assieged towers,  
“ And the first duties of the camp forswear ;  
“ But warriors of adventure we, who bear  
“ Nor feudal flag nor delegated trust,  
“ Who act without restriction, well may spare  
“ At thy discreet choice, in a cause most just,  
“ Ten guardian knights to one so helpless, so august.

## LXXX.

- “ Know, he assists the cause of God who toils  
“ The rights of outraged virgins to maintain,  
“ And precious in Heaven’s sight must be the spoils  
“ Which freemen hang in freedom’s holy fane,  
“ The glorious trophies of a tyrant slain.  
“ Though no advantage counselled to the deed,  
“ Duty would urge, and knighthood would constrain  
“ Me to assist the damsel in her need,  
“ And without scruple go where’er her voice may lead.

## LXXXI.

- “ Oh, by yon bright sun, tell it not in France !  
“ Publish it not where courtesy is dear !  
“ That of our nobles none would break a lance  
“ In beauty’s quarrel, let not Europe hear !  
“ Henceforth, my lords, sword, corslet, helm, and spear,  
“ I toss aside, and bid farewell to fame ;  
“ No generous steed shall bear me in career  
“ With swordless chiefs, where Chivalry weds Shame,—  
“ I will no longer bear the knight’s degraded name !”

## LXXXII.

Thus spoke the youth, and all his Order there  
Applausive murmured in loud unison ;  
Praised his good counsel, and with urgent prayer  
Circled their captain on his golden throne.  
“ I yield,” at length he said, “ but yield alone  
“ To the desire of numbers ; let the thing  
“ Be as you wish, the counsel is your own ;  
“ A well-train’d tarsel on the winds you fling,—  
“ Look to the lure, nor trust too far her wildering wing :

## LXXXIII.

“ And, far as Godfrey’s counsel can persuade,  
“ Temper your sympathies, be closely wise :”  
He said no more, nor needed,—they repaid  
The kind concession with delighted cries.  
What cannot Beauty when her pleading eyes  
From their blue fountains shower down tears of pain,  
And to her amorous tongue sweet speeches rise ?  
From her divine lips glides a golden chain,  
That winds to her dear will who most those tears disdain.

## LXXXIV.

Eustace recalled her, took her passive hand,  
And said, " Cease, lovely Lady, to repine ;  
" The utmost succours that thy fears demand,  
" (Weep not) shall all, and speedily be thine."  
Then the dark aspect of her face grew fine,  
With her white veil she dashed the tears away,  
And gave a smile so brilliant and benign,  
You would have thought the enamoured God of Day  
In sunshine kissed her lips whose sparkling shamed his ray.

## LXXXV.

And in her sweet voice and pathetic tone,  
She gave them thanks for their exceeding grace ;  
Saying it should to the wide world be known,  
And ever and for ever have a place  
In the' kernel of her heart : her working face,  
And gestures with impassioned meanings fraught,  
Told what her tongue was powerless to express ;  
Thus masking with false smiles the end she sought  
Her varied web of guile she unsuspected wrought.

## LXXXVI.

Who but Armida now exults to see  
How fortune and how fate the fraud befriend ?  
Who o'er each dark suggestion broods but she  
To bring the plot to a successful end ?  
With beauty and rich flatteries to transcend  
Whate'er Medea's witchcraft e'er design'd,  
Or Circe's incantations wrought,—to blend  
Mischief with mirth, and the most watchful mind  
As in Elysian sleep with warbled songs to bind ?

## LXXXVII.

All arts the' enchantress practised to beguile  
Some new admirer in her well-spread snare,  
Nor used with all, nor always the same wile,  
But shaped to every taste her grace and air :  
Here cloistered is her eye's dark pupil, there  
In full voluptuous languishment is rolled ;  
Now these her kindness, those her anger bear,  
Spurred on or checked by bearing frank or cold,  
As she perceived her slave was scrupulous or bold.



## LXXXVIII.

If she marked some too bashful to advance,  
Sick if unnoticed, diffident if seen,  
Forth flew her beautiful smile, her thrilling glance,  
Sunny as summer and as spring serene :  
Thus reassured, their dying hopes grew keen ;  
The faint mistrust, the languishing desire  
Reviving brighten in their eager mien ;  
Those looks a thousand amorous thoughts inspire,  
And Fear's pale frost-work melts in Fancy's lively fire.

## LXXXIX.

If some made bold to press her virgin palm,  
Too rashly building on her former cheer,  
She grew a miser of her eye's blue charm,  
Spared her fond smile, and frowned them into fear ;  
But through the wrath that fired her front austere,  
And ruffled her sweet cheek, they might discern  
Rays of forgiving pity reappear ;  
Thus do they droop, but not despair, and yearn  
Towards her in deepest love when she appears most stern.

## XC.

Sometimes in lonely places she dissembled  
Deep grief—the voice, the action, and the tread ;  
And oft when in her eye the loose tear trembled,  
Crushed, or reclaimed it to the fountain-head.  
Soon as those tragic gestures were aread,  
A thousand striplings, vanquished by her art,  
Would come and weep around her ; envy fed  
Their frenzy, and Love, tempering his keen dart  
In Pity's scalding tears, shot torture through the heart.

## XCI.

Anon she starts from her abstraction, wakes  
With hope's fresh whispers to her spirit, seeks  
Her many lovers, talks to them, and shakes  
The bright locks on her brow for joy that speaks  
Life to her lips, and to her crimsoning cheeks  
Rapture : her fine eyes sparkle as in scorn  
Of their late griefs ;—as when Apollo streaks  
With fire the opening eyelids of the morn,  
And not a cloud disturbs the blue ethereal lawn.

## XCII.

But she, whilst sweetly speaking, sweetly smiling  
On hearts unused to joyaunce so intense,  
The spirit from its blissful cage exiling,  
Steeps in rich lunacy each frantic sense ;  
Ah cruel Love ! whether thy hand dispense,  
Crowned with the cypress or the lotos-leaf,  
Thy gall or nectar-cup, its quintessence  
Maddens with ecstasy, or blights with grief ;  
Fatal the sickness is, and fatal the relief !

## XCIII.

Through all these shifting tempers whilst each knight  
Fluctuates disturbed, uncertain of her choice,  
Through fire and frost, smiles, tears, fear, hope, delight,  
The beauteous witch their agony enjoys :  
If any e'er presumes with trembling voice  
To tell his secret pain, her guilefulness  
The glorious vision of his soul destroys ;  
She nor perceives his meaning, nor can guess,—  
The very fool of Love and girlish simpleness.

## XCIV.

Or sliding down her eyes, the blood's warm brightness  
In rushing crimson o'er her features flowed,  
Irradiating with fire their ivory whiteness,  
That all her visage like Aurora's showed,  
When in the fresh dawn on her eastern road  
She flies the' embrace of Titan, and in shame  
Extinguishes the stars,—whilst anger glowed  
Yet deeper on her cheek, a flower of flame,  
Beside whose rosy hue, all rosiness looks tame.

## XCV.

If she perceives one hastening to avow  
His mournful flame, she stops her charmed ears ;  
Now shuns his converse, grants an audience now,  
Then flies, returns, smiles, frowns, and disappears.  
Thus in a war of wishes, sighs, and tears,  
In vain pursuit he wastes his life away ;  
And with deluding hopes, afflicting fears,  
Fares like the hunter who at dying day  
Has lost in pathless woods all traces of his prey.—

## XCVI.

These were the arts by which Armida took  
A thousand spirits captive to her sleight,  
Or rather these the arms, with which she strook,  
And made them bondslaves in their own despite.  
What marvel elder Love subdued the might  
Of Theseus fierce, and Hercules the strong,  
When those who drew the sword in Jesu's right,  
Thrall to a wanton's tears—a syren's song,  
Wore his enfeebling chains, and gloried in the wrong!

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

